Right Aquarium, Wrong Fish

Don’t ever vary routine?

Perhaps so.

Unless you can take the strain!

So prosaic at the start. I tack a half
block onto my daily walk.

Tired me a bit, so rest at the rear
of an open auditorium. Much actual
flag-waving onstage, and the right
vibrations.

Thus I’m comfortable…but must pee.
On the way I’m besieged by lights
and shouts.

Mistaken for Big Shot.

I laugh “Right Aquarium, Wrong Fish!”

Then, leaving the restroom, I’m jostled
by a man showing me that he’s
carrying. Heavily!

“Pickles leaves us if you DON’T
say the word!”

I escape, but one “Pickles” Torineau
assassinated following morning
on I-4!

Immediately go to Police?

What for? It’s exciting now!